With the Author's Respects.
April 29th 1796

AN

ELEGY

ON

THE DEATH

OF

C—P——N SN————L.

BY

A FRIEND.

London;

1796.

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TO

H** R**** H******* P***** W******.

BRIGHT STAR! that with thy warm and orient ray
Cheer'ſt this our wretched world; and from the breaſt---
Which ſoft Hope's ſoothing whiſpers had not bleſt---
Doſt drive deſpair and gloomy grief away:

Methought, when, on the breeze, the pealing bell
Swell'd long, and mournful, as it ſeem'd to ſigh
At ruthleſs Death's enſanguin'd victory,
And ſounded on mine ear a loſt Friend's knell,

Thine orb grew clouded! and thy pale beam ſhone
Dim through the pearly miſt!----So through her tears
Smiles Friendſhip, loveliеſt, of her tender years
When the companion, and the pride is gone.

She weeps her favourite ſlain; yet, ſmiling, knows
In happier ſhades he's ſought a long repoſe.

New York Historical Society
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AN

ELEGY ON THE DEATH

OF

C—P——N SN————L.

MOST HUMBLY ADDRESSED TO THAT

ILLUSTRIOUS CHARACTER

WHOSE CONFIDENCE HE HAD THE HONOR TO ENJOY,

WHO KNEW HIS MERITS THE BEST, AND ESTEEMED THEM THE MOST.

Multis ille bonis flebilis occidit!

OFT has the Muſe, in ſportive meaſures, ſung
The joys of youth, the golden dreams of love;
Oft frolic Mirth the flow'ry chaplet hung
On Beauty's brow, that wanton Fancy wove.

This ſcene, alas! deſponding Nature leaves,
Deluſive Fancy's airy viſion's flown;
Truth tells the tale my ſick'ning ſoul receives,
" And judge, oh judge, my feelings by your own."

Should Sympathy, that ſoothes the wounds of Fate,
Sad ſolace to the aching ſenſe impart;
Accept, in pity, e'er it be too late,
Th' untutor'd numbers of a bleeding heart.

Farewell!---farewell!---thou poor, departed ſhade!---
In heavenly manſions of eternal reſt
Thy peaceful haunts ſhould Malice dare invade,
Harmleſs would fall her arrow from thy breaſt.

Muſing, in ſilence, o'er thy early grave,
The laſt ſad tribute I could e'er beſtow,
('Twas all I had) to thy dear duſt I gave,
The ſigh of ſorrow, and the tear of woe!

Sure, no blind vow, no conſtant faith, was ſworn
At Hymen's altar, and confirm'd above!
Nor didſt thou light, by ſecret paſſion borne,
The torch of friendſhip at the lamp of love!

Sure, not from thee domeſtic joys were fled!
Nor all the blandiſhments of life were gone!
Nor Want on thee her chilling hand had laid,
" That Melancholy mark'd thee for her own!"

That brooding Grief, and wild Delirium's train,
Threw the black veil o'er Reaſon's holy ſhrine,
That Phrenzy's frantic empire o'er thy brain
Drove thee, unſummon'd, to the Sight divine!

Shall man, preſumptuous, from this earthly ball
Th' unbounded works of Providence arraign?
No!----Though the world may wonder at thy fall,
What Fate ordains is not ordain'd in vain.

Ere this, thy kindred ſpirits haſt thou ſought,
Pleas'd the bland retroſpect of life to trace:
Ere this, thy ſpotleſs innocence of thought
Has ſued for mercy at the Throne of Grace.

Bright dawn'd the morning of thy dreary day;
The laughing hours their joyous circle ran;
Careleſs thy playful childhood roll'd away,
And rip'ning Time proclaim'd the finiſh'd man.

Thy noon with wand'ring clouds of Sorrow met,
Whoſe ſhadowing mantle overſpread thy light;
Ev'ning ſoon clos'd----thy ſun for ever ſet----
And wrapp'd thy glories in th' eclipſe of night.

Kind Nature form'd thee in her faireſt mould:
Would thou hadſt ſojourn'd here!---Each manly grace
And artleſs air, that wantons uncontroul'd,
Hung o'er thy lips, and play'd around thy face:

With bounteous hand her choiceſt boon was given,
Who through thy form (which ev'ry charm combin'd)
Infus'd a ſoul that breath'd the fire of heaven,
And in thy features had pourtray'd thy mind.

Pale ſleeps thy corſe where no glad zephyrs cheer;
Mute lies the tongue where ſofteſt accents dwelt;
Lifeleſs the hand that dried the widow's tear,
And cold the heart that others' ſorrow felt.

Serene the ſmile that grac'd thy hour of death,
When the wild tumult of the brain grew faint;
Such thy laſt look, in life's departing breath,
As angels ſhed upon a dying ſaint.

So, in its mother's breaſt ſecurely laid,
Smiles the lull'd infant at the howling blaſt;
So through the gloom, where tranſient ſun-beams fade,
Brightens the tempeſt, when the whirlwind's paſt.

Pale Hope, Religion's child, on thee, below,
Shed the warm influence of her cheering pow'r;
Bruſh'd the dank dew-drop from thy fainting brow,
Buoy'd thy weak ſoul, and bleſs'd thy lateſt hour.

Superior to the world's fantaſtic joys,
Life's goodly proſpect now will pleaſe no more;
Nor roſy Love, nor buxom Health's rude noiſe:
Youth's idle tale, and bliſsful dreams are o'er.

Each fleeting minute, on its balmy wing,
Seraphic raptures to thy ſoul ſhall bear;
Which, pure, ſhall flouriſh in eternal ſpring,
And the ſoft ſmiles of Peace and Virtue wear.

Yet, thou'rt not gone for ever!----far away
Though fancy paints thee fled from mortal pain;
Methinks ſome ſecret Spirit ſeems to ſay,
" We part on earth, to meet in heav'n again."

Ne'er can the ſoul in dark oblivion lie,
Nor warm affection wither in the tomb;
Elſe dreadful the foul fiend of battle's cry!
And piteous were the bleeding ſoldier's doom!

Near thy lamented SEBRIGHT thou didſt hear
With pleaſure, from thy radiant ſeat above,
What kindred ſighs were murmur'd o'er thy bier,
What broken accents of a parent's love!

The hand of Friendſhip clos'd thy dim ſunk eyes:
The hand that bore thee thro' the world's wild wave
Perform'd the laſt, ſad, ſolemn obſequies,
And ſcatter'd incenſe o'er thy ſilent grave.

Pale Pity, and her ſiſter Sorrow, here
Shall chaunt ſoft requiems to thy wand'ring ghoſt;
Meek Charity ſhall drop the pearly tear,
And mourn the loſs of him ſhe knew the moſt.

Fond Memory loves to linger round the ſpot
Where fades the bloſſom of thy life's fair prime:
Thy frailties in thy tomb ſhall ſleep, forgot;
Thy virtues ſoar beyond the reach of Time!

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STRANGER, beneath this ſtone, in
Sleeps Nature's darling. Th
Bloom'd lovely in his cheeks
Sat on his lips; warm was he to t

Of genial love, and to the milder
Of ſocial virtues; gentle his
As is the lone bird's plaint a
And Miſery ne'er told her tale in

Oft on his ſmile hung ſadneſs!—
Of circling pleaſures heedleſ
Muſing, he ſpake of fond H
Of friendſhips falſe, and brief life

Stranger, in peaceful ſlumbers let
Whom had you known the moſt,

* Imitated from a print

BRITISH MUSEUM

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EPITAPH.*

one, in Death's cold arms,
g. The ſoft tint of youth
cheeks: the voice of Truth
he to the charms

milder train
tle his ſoul, beſide,
laint at eventide;
tale in vain!

neſs!——Of the noiſe
heedleſs, o'er the ſtream
ond Hope's fairy dream,
rief life's fruitleſs joys!

bers let him reſt,
moſt, you'd lov'd the beſt.

m a printed Epitaph: author unknown.

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